

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 56.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890. PRICE TWOPENCE.

KESTELL OF GREYSTONE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By ESMÈ STUART.

Author of "*Muriel's Marriage*," "*Joan Fellicot*,"
"*A Faire Damzell*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV. WHO IS JOHN PELLEW?

THIS Sunday evening at Rushbrook was an especially cheerful one. Mrs. Kestell was enjoying the novelty of having an attentive son. Elva was sitting near her father, glad to see him smile at the attacks made upon her by George Guthrie; and this excellent bachelor was amusing himself by watching the little attempts at private talk in which Hoel and Elva indulged. There was a combined hunt for some music, and the search for a book Mr. Kestell asked for; and all these little scenes—the sign of happiness in lovers—were, of course, so much ammunition for his small shots.

"Now, Fenner, you must agree that a railway accident is a most convenient pleader for a lover," said George Guthrie, after dinner, as they sat round the fire. "If I had happened to be in your place on that eventful Saturday, I have not the smallest doubt that the fair Elva would have turned her affectionate heart towards me. Have we not teased each other, which is equivalent to love, from our earliest infancy?"

"Your infancy!" said Elva laughing, "I don't remember it."

"On the contrary, I am still in infancy. My cousin, Mrs. Eagle Bennison, says I am still a child; and this I consider is a compliment delicately veiled in metaphor. Does it not mean the most bewitching simplicity? Do not all mammas treat me in the most confiding, touching manner; would

they not trust me with their choicest buds and their tenderest blossoms?"

"Well, certainly, you are very safe, George," said Mrs. Kestell, smiling; "because every one knows you are a confirmed bachelor. Mrs. Pigot said so only the other day. It is so convenient to have unattached men at hand."

"Yes; there it is again. A confirmed bachelor! I have heard that phrase a hundred thousand times; and yet I feel in my manly bosom the— How shall I put it, Fenner?"

"Put it delicately, please," said Hoel, "in the presence of these lovers."

"Truthfully, I should say," added Mr. Kestell, "to the best of my belief, George, you have never been in love; and, strange to say, I have never heard you even accused of such a crime!"

"Now, quiet Amice, you are the youngest in this room. Out of the mouths of babes let us hear truth. Have I, or have I not, shown the signs of a long-standing malady called love?"

Amice's blue eyes looked gravely into his face, and every one, except her father, laughed at her earnestness.

"Yes, I think you did once love some one, or you could not pretend to be so heart-whole."

"Unrighteous judge!" cried George, laughing, and only Amice noted that the faintest shade of colour rose to his cheeks. "Hear her, ye witnesses! Now Elva, what say you?"

"That you certainly know nothing about it, and had much better let the subject alone."

"Then you won't hear the 'Poem of a Bachelor,' which I wrote out during the small hours of the morning? Think of this sleepless activity, Fenner, and envy

me! I dare say, now, not an idea comes to you in sleep!"

"Let us hear your verses," said Mr. Kestell, stroking Elva's soot hair. When near to her, his face always brightened up, as if her very touch gave him comfort and strength.

"The title is, 'A Heart to be let.' Mrs. Kestell, have I your permission to recite these lines, which, I assure you, are admirable?"

"Certainly. When I was young I knew a man who was very clever at impromptu. You had only to give him the subject, and he gave you the verses."

"But, dear mamma, don't believe in George's impromptu. If it is his own, he has been years writing it; but most likely it is only an adopted child," said Elva, laughing so happily that the merriment was catching.

"Some adopted children know not the difference. It is all humbug about recognising the affinity of next of kin—poetic nonsense. Humph. Listen, lords and ladies gay:

To be let, at a very desirable rate,
A snug little home in a healthy state,
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,
Affection the Rent—to be paid in advance.
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone,
So the fixtures are not of much value; but soon
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife
Take a lease for the term of her natural life.
Then, ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let!
The Tenant will have few taxes to pay,
Love, honour, and (heaviest item) obey.
As for the "Good will," the subscriber's inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,
Provided true title by prudence be shown,
Any heart unencumbered and free as his own.
So ladies, dear ladies, do not forget,
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let!

Now what do you think of my poem?
Is it not pithy, and much to the point?"

"I should like you to prove your title to it, first," said Elva. "Hoel, do you believe it is his?"

"I hope not," said Hoel. "I shall have to say as did our chief editor once to a conceited poet: 'Sir, your verses show no promise of future fame; so, for the present, they are worthless.'"

"Talleyrand did it better," said George. "Do you remember, Fenner, the poor poet who was reciting his own verses to the great wit? Talleyrand, perceiving a man yawning a little way off, said, pointing him out politely to the reciter: 'Not so loud, dear sir; he hears you.'"

Hoel had forgotten the story, which

made every one laugh. Certainly, George Guthrie was a very mine of good stories, which before now Elva had been heard to declare he invented.

"Your cousin must never find the house dull when you are in it," said Mrs. Kestell. "Has she many societies now to look after?"

"The Taps at present reign supreme. Actually Miss Heaton has made friends with the Squire's wife on this subject. By the way, Elva, this lady much disapproves of your engagement; and I did not soften the matter by suggesting she should follow your example. Imagine, Mr. Kestell, the brave man who would lead Miss Heaton to the altar!"

"Isn't it a chance for the bachelor?" said Hoel.

"Well, so I thought this morning after service; and as I walked a little way with her I quoted worthy Samuel to her—in vain. She cast only reproachful glances upon me, and said she was going to look for Herbert. What an eye she keeps upon him."

"George, how ridiculous you are! What did you say?" said Elva.

"My dear Elva, it was only the second part of a poem. I left out the prologue, which I considered a little too moral. I dare say none of you study Samuel Johnson as I do. I walk on the ancient paths, and leave Browning for the modern Hoel Fenner."

"And pray what was the second part?" said Mr. Kestell.

"Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive,
Must play for Heat-on thirty-five."

I only altered the last line, which you see is a little lame. I had ideas of working out the motive of Thrals. Indeed, I might have turned it into Thraldom, but I feared to offend. You know even Samuel made puns in his moments of relaxation."

"I don't wonder Miss Heaton scorned you; really, George, you are incorrigible! Miss Heaton already thinks that Amice and myself are bad specimens of modern education. And as for you, she must fancy you are beyond reform."

"How were your lines received?" said Hoel.

"Why, much in the same way as Archelaus answered the worthy barber

who said, 'How shall I shave you?' 'In silence,' replied the sage."

"I fear it did not crush you," said Elva. "I never was able to do that, though I began, as you know, in infancy."

"Miss Heaton succeeded, nevertheless. By the way, Mr. Kestell, have you heard how that poor fellow is—the one you went to see at Greystone? I asked Smith, who knows everything, when I was there yesterday, and he said the man Joseph Button was in a bad way. I think when there are not many customers, Smith studies his old books: reads up Samuel, I fancy."

Mr. Kestell turned his face slightly towards George Guthrie, as he answered:

"Did you go and see him?"

"I? Oh, no. That special public-house having a bad name, I was afraid of the risk to my good character by being seen there; but your philanthropy has got into the 'Greystone Advertiser'!"

"Really, Josiah," said his wife, "you are too good to all those people; they impose upon you."

"Button, you know, was once in my employment. Poor fellow, I turned him off for drink; still, I have a regard for him. I am sorry he is in a bad way."

"I expect it was more the shock to his nervous system than anything else," said Hoel. "I hear all the other sufferers have been moved; but this Button, who was least hurt, remains behind. I suppose, therefore, that in spite of bad repute, mine host is kind."

"I should like to go and see this poor man," said Elva, returning to sit near to her father. "I can't help feeling thankful that you or Hoel are not in his place."

"No, no; certainly not," said her father, quickly. "Hoel, you must not let Elva go to that place. It would never do."

"But with Hoel, papa, what could hurt me?"

"No, dear; I would prefer your not going. I shall go again myself to-morrow, or Tuesday, and see about him. This week I shall go into Greystone as usual."

"You have not looked so well this week, papa. You ought not to bother about this poor fellow; but of course I won't go if you don't like it. Hoel shall go alone."

"Don't trouble him about that. Button, I expect, is quite happy in a place where he can get drink. I warned him against it; but in vain, I fear."

"Surely, then, he should be got out of it as soon as possible, and before he gets

drowned," said George. "I am sure, Mr. Kestell, you had better use me as your messenger. I expect my character has this evening been so impugned that there is nothing much left of it. Even the Taps would refuse to begin their work on me; and I am ready to be sent on a 'sleeveless errand,' as old Mrs. Joyce says; and if you bid me, I will bring back some of the articles required of fools in the old days—pigeons' milk or stirrup oil."

"I promise my messengers no such difficult task. I told this Button to call here when he was well enough, and I know his interest will not allow him to forget this duty."

Mr. Kestell laughed a little.

"Well, just as you like. Now, Elva, when are we to have some sacred solace, or, as an Eastern poet says, when may we listen to 'the love-struck nightingale's delightful strain'?"

"George, you do not deserve to hear any music. As to your Eastern names, I prefer plain English."

All the same, Elva rose and went towards the piano, whilst George answered:

"My language is too ornate to please you, I see. I am——"

"I ask not proud philosophy to teach me what thou art. Still, as Hoel has never heard Amice sing, I shall give him the treat. Please don't refuse, Amice," said her sister, going up to her.

Amice rose from her low chair in the shadow of the curtain, and went toward the piano, but with evident reluctance.

"I am glad you can rout out Amice a little," said Mrs. Kestell, sadly. "She gets quieter every day. We shall have to wait for Mrs. Fenner to take her out. By the way, Josiah, do you know that I have been getting up the county families this afternoon, and I find that Mr. Fenner is connected with the Pellows? You knew some of them, didn't you? I fancy before we married you talked of one of that family?"

Elva and Amice were by the piano hunting for some music, but at this name Amice slowly raised her head, and looked towards her father. Was it her fancy that his hand appeared slightly to shake as he put down on the table a book he held in his hand?

"Indeed! I didn't know that Fenner was acquainted with any of that family. Not that I was very intimate with them; they were from the Midlands; but I once had some business connection with one of

the Pellevs. Still, they are a large and scattered family. I know nothing of them now."

"I am aware of the fact of relationship," said Hoel, "and that is all. I must own to a certain idleness in keeping up with mere connections. My uncle is a great antiquarian in respect of families, and could, I am sure, go through all of them; but he kindly spares me, knowing my supreme indifference to such genealogies."

"Indeed, Hoel," said Mrs. Kestell, "you are quite wrong. Cousins are very useful people, you owe them nothing, and want nothing from them, and yet, as the French say, 'On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.' What do the Pellevs consist of now? Do you know, Josiah?"

"It was a John Pellew who bought that land," thought Amice, putting the music on the stand; she would not, however, have dared to say this aloud. "Papa said he had business transactions with him. Then, perhaps it was merely that he bought Westacre Lands from him. There can be nothing strange in that. Oh, it is my horrible, wicked fancy!"

She shivered a little, and said to Elva:

"I don't feel inclined to sing, Elva, to-night. Besides, sacred music may not be to Mr. Fenner's taste."

"Why don't you call him Hoel, dear? He won't like your being so formal. But you must sing. George, come and take a part in this trio, and leave county families alone. Mamma and Hoel can discuss them afterwards."

George Guthrie rose and came to the piano. He was quite serious for him, as he took up a sheet of music and bent a little towards Elva.

"Your father looks very unwell to-night, Elva. That Doctor Pink has not done him much good, has he? Like the rest of his profession, I expect he is quite——"

"Indeed, you are mistaken. Doctor Pink has almost cured papa of that sudden dizziness he had last week. It was the accident that upset him again a little."

"Well, you ought to know best; but just this moment I noticed an expression of pain come over his face. Perhaps he is tired with our nonsense. Let's sing. Come, fairest nymph, resume thy reign—or thy piano. What shall we sing? And pray, Amice, look more cheerful. How can you expect to find a lover if you look so like a ghost? Well, here I am,

Gaily the troubadour touched his——"

Elva came down with a strong, powerful

chord upon the piano, and soon the three, who had often sung together, began a sacred trio.

When the singing ended, Hoel could not help taking more notice of Amice. Certainly he had not heard such a voice before in a private drawing-room. The full, deep, rich contralto was quite out of the ordinary run of untrained voices; but the sadness and pathos were almost too pathetic. "I prefer my Elva's voice," he thought to himself, though he recognised the greater merits of her sister's singing.

Mr. Kestell now asked his wife if she were tired; and, as usual when she was downstairs, he gave her his arm in the courtly, lover-like manner which struck Hoel, whose politeness was entirely different from the courtliness of the last generation. But in Mr. Kestell's manner to his wife there was even more than that fascinating, courteous attention of our grandfathers. There was the tenderness of a grown-up person to a child.

Hoel noted it with appreciation.

"I must go," said George, when Mr. Kestell returned. "I won't ask the maimed to accompany me. Suppose, Fenner, you slipped coming home over the bridge, and to-morrow morning you were found drowned in the Pool, what would the world say of me? How suspicion would cling to me in spite of innocence, and Elva would pursue me to the death."

"Your conscience would not be very tender," said Elva; "but you may also suppose we should have a search-party before morning."

"Come, Guthrie, I will walk with you to the bridge," said Mr. Kestell.

He moved a few steps towards the door, and a curious and quite unmistakeable pallor overspread his features. Elva hurried up to him.

"Papa, what is the matter?"

Mr. Kestell seized hold of the back of a chair with one hand, and passed the other over his forehead.

"A little dizzy, my dear. It is nothing—nothing." Elva snatched a bottle of salts from a side table, and gave them to her father; but he put them aside. "No, no, dear; a little fresh air will restore me. Come, Guthrie."

The two went out, and Elva remained motionless, looking after her father with an anxious expression till Hoel came to her and made her sit down.

"Dearest, don't be anxious about your father; he says it is nothing."

Elva looked up gratefully at Hoel's gentle words. Both forgot Amice's presence.

"Hoel, I can't bear papa to be ill; I feel as if somehow it were my fault; I have not looked after him enough. He is so good, so thoughtful. I half fear he may hide his symptoms from me for fear of giving me trouble, as he does from mamma. But it would be cruel of him if he did this."

There was no doubting the great love between father and daughter. But Hoel for a moment felt a little jealous. Did Elva love him well enough to leave father and mother?

Though no one thought of Amice in her corner, she was passing through a worse experience than Elva. She thought: "How Elva loves him! And I—I am trying to hurt him. I have made a vow to find out. Suppose there is nothing to find out? But suppose there is? What will Elva say of me, think of me? And yet justice is greater than love. Must I lose her love to help on a stranger? Oh, that I should be placed in such a position! It cannot, it cannot be possible."

She folded her hands, and pressed them against her throbbing temples, and hid her eyes. She, too, experienced a strange giddiness; the objects round her appeared in a dull, red hue. Even though she pressed out the lamp-light, there came before her mental vision quite distinctly, written in red letters on a dull, black ground, the two words, "John Pellew."

That name again—she had seen it on the parchment—had it burnt itself into her brain? Who was John Pellew?

With a little cry of pain, suppressed almost before uttered, she left her corner, and advanced into the room where Hoel was bending over his betrothed. He turned round startled when Amice's cold fingers touched the hand that lay on Elva's shoulder; and yet Hoel was neither nervous nor easily startled.

"Mr. Fenner!"

"Good gracious!" he said, involuntarily. "I had forgotten you were here."

"Mr. Fenner, tell me, who is John Pellew?"

Elva looked up, too, and her quick eyes saw the far-away, startled look in her sister's eyes, which had before frightened her. Brave, and quick to reason, she felt Hoel must know nothing of it, and she laughed.

"Dear me, Hoel, pray tell Amice what

she wants to know; sometimes she gets a thing into her head, and she goes on worrying till she has found out."

"Indeed, I wish I could tell you; I suppose I must not ask why you want to know? The truth is, the Pellews are only second cousins, once or twice removed, and the members of that section of the family have had many misfortunes, and are not profitable to their acquaintances, I expect, or else Uncle Mellish would have invited them to his house. John is a family name; so you may imagine they are not exactly original-minded. There's a John in every generation; but never the eldest son, who has to bear the name of Hilton before the Pellew, and also another name. I forget what it is, but Biblical, I know; but it is generally dropped for the Hilton. That is all I know; but if you take an interest in the Pellews, I promise to hunt them up."

"Thank you," said Amice, and then Elva took her arm, wished Hoel good-night, bidding him wait up for her father, and see him safe upstairs. Had it not been for Amice she would have done this herself; but she dared not leave her in her present strange state of mind.

DWARFIANA.

DOUBTLESS Captain Lemuel Gulliver somewhat heavily taxed the credulity of his readers when he described the people of Lilliput as being no more than six inches in height; but a belief in the existence of a race of similar diminutive human beings, called Pygmies, was widely prevalent among the ancients, and appears to have survived among the moderns until a date even later than that of Swift's famous satire. Most of the early books of voyages and travels contain some reference to such a race. Sir John Maundeville, for instance, says that in one of the "isles of the sea" there are "dwarfs which have no mouth, but instead of their mouth they have a little round hole," so that they are obliged to suck their food through a straw; while elsewhere there is a land of pygmies who are only three spans long, "and they are right fair and gentle, both the men and the women. They live but six or seven years at most, and he that liveth eight years is considered very aged."

Van Helmont relates that he had re-

ceived information of a race of pygmies inhabiting the Canary Islands; and others have asserted the existence of such a race in Abyssinia. In Purchas's "Pilgrimes" we are told that in Iceland pygmies represent the most perfect shape of man; that they are hairy to the uttermost joints of their fingers; that the males have beards down to their knees; but that although they have the shape of men, these little people have little sense or understanding, and instead of speech make a hissing sound like geese.

As late as the close of the sceptical eighteenth century, we find a somewhat similar account in the narrative of Rochon, who voyaged to Madagascar about 1770. He asserts that for some time he actually lived amongst a race of dwarfs inhabiting the centre of that island. They were a clever, witty, and bold people he says, and the average height of the men was three feet five inches, while the women were slightly less. He adds, moreover, that Nature had been good enough to cause the vegetation of the country to grow correspondingly small for the little folks' convenience. Travellers' true tales proverbially used to be taken with a grain of salt, and Rochon, like Sir John Maundeville, seems to have been fully alive to the fact that "men have great liking to hear strange things of diverse countries."

The smallest existing race of men of whom we have any real knowledge, is that of the Bushmen of South Africa, whose average height, according to Mr. E. B. Tylor, is four feet six inches. There is, indeed, a tribe inhabiting the region near Lake Ngami, whose height is asserted to be no more than four feet one inch, but of them we have no very reliable information; and the so-called forest dwarfs who impeded Stanley's march in Central Africa last year, were probably the Akkas, who are believed to measure about four feet ten inches in height.

There is no reliable evidence that among our ancestors, recent or remote, there ever existed a race of people whom it would be correct to describe as dwarfs. The remains of antiquity show that human stature has probably rather increased than diminished, but to so slight a degree that Silbermann and other authorities hold that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch, four thousand years ago.

But, although no race of dwarfs exists, or, probably, ever has existed, numerous indi-

vidual specimens have flourished in all countries, and in all ages. We find dwarfs mentioned among the attendants kept by ancient Egyptian nobles, as also among the appendages of a Roman noble's household. Domitian even managed to get together a company of dwarf gladiators. At a later date they were commonly used as pages in most of the courts of Europe. They appear frequently on the canvases of Domenichino, Raphael, Velasquez, and other painters, in the suites of nobles or Kings.

In Wierix's illustrated Bible, published in 1594, there is a curious engraving of the feast of Dives, showing Lazarus at the door, and a dwarf, playing with a monkey for the amusement of the guests, within. It is not to be inferred from this that dwarfs were amongst the amusements of rich Jews in Palestine. Curiously enough, dwarfs are only mentioned once in the whole Bible, and even that is a somewhat ambiguous reference, in the Book of Leviticus. Wierix, like many another artist before and since, played fast and loose with his chronology; and all we are justified in inferring is that he put into his print of the dining-room of Dives, what he had, doubtless, often seen in the dining-rooms of rich men of his own day.

In several European countries, dwarfs superseded the court fools, and were admitted by Kings and Princes to a considerable degree of intimacy. Two Princesses—Catherine de Medicis, and the wife of one of the Electors of Brandenburg—collected as many of both sexes as they could get together, with the object of breeding a race of them; but both attempts proved unsuccessful.

In 1710 Peter the Great celebrated, with great pomp, the marriage of two of his dwarfs at St. Petersburg. He invited courtiers and ambassadors to be present at the ceremony, and also commanded the attendance of all dwarfs, male and female, living within two hundred miles of the capital. For the conveyance of these he provided carriages, capable of holding a dozen dwarfs at a time. And all necessaries for the wedding-breakfast—tables, chairs, plate, etc.—were of a size sufficiently small to suit his little guests. About seventy dwarfs attended the ceremony. What was their average height we are not informed; but the bridegroom's stature was three feet two inches. Russia seems to have been always well supplied with dwarfs. Porter, who travelled there in the early

years of the present century, describes the dwarfs frequently to be met with at the tables of the great. They were, he says, well shaped and even graceful; very different from the deformities exhibited at English fairs.

When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was in Germany, she was astonished to find that the noble ladies there kept dwarfs as playthings, much as the English ladies kept monkeys. Lady Mary had her own "heightened and telling way of putting things," and she describes the Vienna Court dwarfs as "ugly as devils, and bedaubed with diamonds."

It has been said that dwarfs came over to England with the Conqueror; but we could boast of at least one specimen before the Conquest, if the history of King Edgar's pigmy—whose career is said to have provided incidents to swell the legendary story of Tom Thumb—can be accounted authentic. But those of any note, or of whom there is any reliable history, are of later date. We may pass over, as somewhat mythical, the accounts of William Emerson, who died in 1575, and is reported to have been no more than one foot three inches in height; of John Decker, a comparatively tall man, of two feet six inches, who was exhibited on the Continent in 1610; of John Jervis, a gentleman of three feet eight inches, who was page to Queen Mary; and of several others.

The first English dwarf, of whom an authentic history exists, was Jeffrey Hudson. This little man was presented to Henrietta Maria, soon after her marriage to Charles the First, served up to table, at an entertainment at Burleigh, in a cold pie. He is said to have measured no more than eighteen inches in height from the age of eight to the age of thirty; but, after thirty, he grew until he reached three feet nine inches. He is described as having nothing ugly in his countenance or distorted in his limbs; but as possessing a face which, on a taller man, would have been called handsome, though he managed to give himself a very bizarre look with his enormous moustaches, which twisted back and almost mingled with his grizzled hair. This singular little being was employed in various Royal missions, and had a somewhat adventurous life. He was once taken prisoner by Dunkirk privateers when returning from the Continent, and at a later date was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of a Turkish pirate, who conveyed him into Barbary.

After the Civil War broke out, he became a Captain of horse in the Royal army; and while in France, in attendance on the Queen, he fought a duel with an Englishman named Crofts. He was mounted on horseback, to put him on a level with his antagonist, whom he shot dead. Ultimately he was pensioned off and lived in his native place, until, on suspicion of being concerned in some Popish plot, he was imprisoned in the Gate-house at Westminster, where he is reported to have died in 1682, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Another interesting diminutive appendage of royalty was Richard Gibson. He was born about 1615; eventually attained to the height of three feet six inches; showed considerable artistic ability; and was a very favourable specimen of dwarf humanity. He became page of the back-stairs to Charles the First, and drawing-master to the Princesses Mary and Anne. He painted miniature portraits, more or less successfully, in the manner of Sir Peter Lely; and some of his productions were highly valued by Charles. The Queen happening to possess a female dwarf, named Anne Shepherd, who was exactly the same height as Gibson, it pleased her Royal mind to make a match between the two little people. They were accordingly married in great state. The King gave away the bride; the Queen presented a diamond-ring as wedding gift; courtly Edmund Waller composed some pretty verses in honour of the occasion; and Sir Peter Lely painted the diminutive couple standing hand-in-hand. It is satisfactory to be able to add that they lived happily ever after, and were blessed with a family of nine children, five of whom lived and grew up to the ordinary size of English people. They both lived beyond the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten—Richard dying, in 1690, at the age of seventy-five, while his widow survived till her eighty-ninth year, and died in 1709.

One of the pleasantest and most intelligent of dwarfs was a Pole of good family, commonly called "Count" Boruwlaski. He was not only remarkable himself, but he belonged to a very extraordinary family. His father and mother, who were of medium height, had a family of six children, every alternate one of whom was a dwarf. When Joseph was born he measured only eight inches in length, and when he stopped growing at the age of thirty, his height was thirty-nine inches. Several love affairs in which he became in-

volved with fair, and probably faithless, ladies of ordinary stature, caused the poor little fellow some trouble, but eventually he married, and came to England, where, after being presented to George the Third and the Prince of Wales, he exhibited himself to an admiring public. He made a successful tour of the United Kingdom, and finally settled down to live on the proceeds thereof at Durham, where he died in 1837 at the good old age of ninety-eight. He is described as amiable, well educated, and intelligent.

A rather good story is told of his wit. When being exhibited at Leeds, he was asked by a very stout and, of course, very vulgar lady what religion he professed. He replied that he was a Roman Catholic, upon which she curtly remarked that there was no chance then of his ever getting to Heaven. Boruwlaski replied that, according to Scripture, the Gate of Heaven was a narrow one; and that, therefore—looking the over-buxom lady up and down—he thought he probably had a better chance than she had.

In several ways a strong contrast to Boruwlaski was Nicholas Ferry, better known as Bébé. This dwarf, to whom Stanislas, King of Poland, for some unaccountable reason became much attached, was only eight inches long, and weighed but twelve ounces at the time of his birth. He was presented on a plate to be baptized, and for a long time used to sleep in one of his father's wooden shoes. But as he grew up it became evident that he was extremely weak both in body and mind. He was incapable of reasoning, and had not the least idea of religion, but showed great jealousy, and was very easily angered. At the age of sixteen he was only twenty-one inches in height; at twenty he was four inches taller; and, finally, he reached three feet. At the age of twenty-two he became decrepit, and may be said to have died of old age in his twenty-third year.

It is highly probable that a very small modicum of mental ability strikes the observer as remarkable in a dwarf, for the reason that, as Dr. Johnson said so ungallantly of women, he is surprised to find any at all. But several of them have had at least sufficient ability to speak three or four languages, and more than one have shown some considerable degree of artistic power. There are also instances in which great bodily strength has been possessed by dwarfs. Owen Farrel, an Irish dwarf, who, in 1716, was footman to a Colonel in

Dublin, is an instance of this. He was three feet nine inches in height, but very heavily, though clumsily, made, and his strength was amazing. He could carry four men at one time, two of them sitting astride on each of his extended arms. After exhibiting himself as a show in Ireland, he came to London, where, being too lazy to work, he got a living by begging in the streets. He sold the reversion of his body, in consideration of a small weekly allowance of money, to a London surgeon, who, after the dwarf's death, made a skeleton of his bones, which, we believe, is still preserved in the collection of William Hunter at Glasgow.

The original of Sir Walter Scott's "Black Dwarf" must have been a somewhat similar character. Robert Chambers says: "His skull, which was of an oblong, and rather unusual shape, was said to be of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the panel of a door or the end of a barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screech-owl voice, shrill, uncouth, and dissonant, corresponded with his other peculiarities—a jealous, misanthropical, and irritable temper was his prominent characteristic." He was not quite three feet six inches in height.

Dwarfs have long since ceased to have any official connection with the Court of St. James's. The last Court dwarf in England was Coppernin, described by Dr. Doran as a lively little imp in the service of the Princess Augusta of Wales, the mother of George the Third. The last dwarf retainer in a private gentleman's family was kept by the eccentric Mr. Beckford (author of "Vathek") among the numerous other curiosities he had collected at Fonthill.

Whenever the supply of dwarfs for show or other purposes has fallen short of the demand, various recipes have been propounded for manufacturing them; it is to be hoped, with little success. Many of the popular jockeys in this country may be described as dwarfs, and the growth of boys intended for that profession is checked by a weakening process known as "sweating;" a kind of "sweating," however, calculated to put large sums of money into the victim's pocket.

Perhaps the most curious point in the history of dwarfs is that so many of them have married and had children of full average stature. Both the children themselves and the community at large are to be congratulated that this is so.

We imagine that any Tom Thumb would gladly give the ten or twenty thousand pounds a year gained by exhibiting his diminutiveness in exchange for the five feet six and a half inches of the most average, ordinary, uninteresting Englishman.

THE KEY ISLANDS.

SOME time ago we gave an account of those interesting islands in the Eastern Seas, which used to be the haunt of pirates, and are now the abode of domestic cut-throats.* We have also, more than once, devoted papers to our latest Oceanic possession, New Guinea,† an island which may be said to block the eastern extremity of that wonderful region of islands and physical romance known as the Eastern Archipelago. At the eastern end of the sea, and quite close to New Guinea itself, is a remarkable group, almost unknown to European travellers; and hardly known, even by name, to comfortable stay-at-homes. We purpose, therefore, to give a brief account of the Key Islands, which, since Doctor Alfred Russel Wallace visited them in 1857, seem to have received no attention from scientists and geographers until Captain Langen paid them a visit in 1855.

The origin of the name is involved in some obscurity. It is variously spelled Ké, Key, and Kay, and is pronounced according to the last spelling. Captain Langen's explanation has at least the merit of probability. He says, that when long ago some traders from Macassar first landed in these islands, they inquired in the Malay tongue the name of the land. But the natives, not understanding Malay, only replied: "Kay?" which signifies "What do you say?" and thus the visitors named the group the Key Islands.

This story, by the way, is curiously like one told by Mr. Boddy, in his book about Kirwan. He says, that when the French sent their officials through that country to construct a map and ascertain the names of all the rivers, mountains, etc., a strange thing happened. Almost all the places were set down as called, "Ma'arifsh." This name recurred with such astonishing frequency, that an inquiry was necessary.

The result was that it was found that when the explorers asked an Arab in the appointed phrase: "What is the name of this place?" the reply was usually "Ma'arifsh," which is Arabic for "Don't know." And thus upon the French map appeared an interesting assortment of Don't Know Rivers, Don't Know Mountains, Don't Know Ruins. Remembering this story we are inclined to accept Captain Langen's theory of the origin of the name of the Key Islands.

The group consists of two large islands, called respectively Nuhu Roa, or Little Key, and Nuhu Ju-ud, or Great Key, and a number of smaller islands. Great Key is believed to be geologically much older than the others, and it has elevations running up to three thousand feet, whilst the other islands are very low. Great Key, again, is mostly rocky and volcanic in formation, while Little Key and the rest are of coral, intervened with quartz. On the highest inland elevation of Little Key, sea-shells of various kinds have been found. There is a tradition, indeed, amongst natives, that Little Key was raised out of the sea by an earthquake many years ago; but there is no record of any earthquake since, until the year 1884, when there were some very severe shocks.

There is considerable difficulty in approaching the islands; which may account for their being passed by almost all travellers in the Eastern Archipelago. Dr. Wallace's vessel incurred considerable danger before a safe anchorage could be found; and Captain Langen is most minute in describing the proper course to be steered to avoid the reefs and shoals. Both authorities concur in speaking of the picturesque beauty of the scene as the islands are reached. Light coloured limestone rocks rise abruptly from the water to the height of several hundred feet, everywhere broken into peaks and pinnacles, and everywhere clothed with a varied and luxuriant vegetation. From the sea Dr. Wallace was able to distinguish screw-pines and arborescent Auliaceæ of the strangest forms, with a dense background of forest trees. The water is transparent as crystal, tinged with colour varying from emerald to lapis-lazuli, and the little bays and inlets have beaches of dazzling whiteness. Such is the first aspect of those shores upon which few European feet have trodden.

Every island of the group is covered

* "Gems of the Eastern Seas," No. 1027, New Series, August 4th, 1890.

† "The Future of New Guinea," No. 988, New Series, November 5th, 1887.

with vegetation down to the water's edge. There is said to be not the smallest patch bare of trees, which grow to great size, and are of very valuable timber. Gigantic creepers climb up their trunks and spring from tree to tree until the whole forest is enclosed in a close network. The forests are brilliant with orchids, and splendid butterflies, and birds of lovely plumage. The chief work of the natives is felling timber for export, and their chief domestic industry is boat-building. In the swampy inlets sago trees abound, and from these the natives derive their main subsistence, as they grow no rice, and the only cultivated products are cocoa-nuts, plantains, and yams. From the cocoa-nuts, oil is made and sold to the traders from the neighbouring Aru Islands, who come here both for this product and for boats. Wooden bowls are also largely made, hewn out of solid blocks of wood with knife and adze; and these bowls are carried to all parts of the Moluccas.

The great art and industry of the Key Islanders, however, is boat-building. Their unlimited supply of splendid timber gives them a natural advantage over the other islands of the Archipelago. But how a people so remote learned the difficult art it is impossible to say. This is what Dr. Wallace says of their vessels:

"Their small canoes are beautifully formed: broad and low in the centre, but rising at each end, where they terminate in high-pointed beams, more or less carved, and ornamented with a plume of feathers. They are not hollowed out of a tree, but are regularly built of planks running from end to end, and so accurately fitted that it is often difficult to find a place where a knife-blade can be inserted between the joints. The larger ones are from twenty to thirty tons burden; and are quite finished for sea without a nail or particle of iron being used, and with no other tools than axe, adze, and auger. These vessels are handsome to look at, good sailers, and admirable sea boats, and will make long voyages with perfect safety, traversing the whole Archipelago, from New Guinea to Singapore, in seas which, as every one who has sailed much in them can testify, are not so smooth and tempest-free as word-painting travellers love to represent them."

Captain Langen says that the symmetrical construction of these vessels would astonish a European shipbuilder. Of late years the natives seem to have gone in for building larger craft, although with

the same primitive tools as Wallace mentions; and they have even constructed two-masted schooners of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty tons, which ply in the pearl-shell fisheries, or are sent to Banda for sale. All the tools are made in the islands, and in every village there is a smithy, in which, from morning till night, the smith is engaged in melting rusty nails in a charcoal fire, and hammering them into rough axes, etc., which are preferred to the finished tools imported from Europe.

The principal occupation of the inhabitants, otherwise, is in felling and selling timber to the German traders. They naturally begin with the trees which are nearest to the shore, for transport over the uneven ground of the interior is difficult; and for felling, the native uses only a wedge-shaped axe, with which he can lay low the loftiest denizen of the forest. Having lopped off the branches and bark, he squares the trunk skilfully, though wastefully, and then his timber is ready for market. To make a pair of planks for one of the larger boats, an entire tree is consumed.

The timber is remarkably tall, straight, and durable. There are various kinds; but the best is the New Guinea teak, the Malay word for which is "iron-wood." It is said to be superior to the best Indian teak for strength, flexibility, and durability; and it is exempt from the attacks of the white ants.

Doctor Wallace also noted abundance of Arboreal Avicenniæ and Pandanaceæ, as well as immense trees of the fig family, with aerial roots stretching out and interlacing and matted together for fifty or a hundred feet above the ground. There is an absence of thorny shrubs and prickly rattans; the undergrowth being of broad-leaved herbaceous plants. Insects and birds abound, but it is said there are only two quadrupeds on the island—a wild pig and a species of opossum. Captain Langen, however, mentions goats.

There are very few streams, but the porous character of the soil and a copious rainfall account for the luxuriant growth. One of the difficulties of life in these islands is to obtain a sufficient supply of fresh water. The wells are mostly situated close to the sea, and at a low elevation. These wells afford excellent water if over three hundred yards from the sea, but when nearer to the sea the water is slightly brackish. It is, therefore, supposed that

the wells are supplied by the sea filtering gradually through the pores of the coral, and becoming purified as it does so. This theory is supported by the fact that all efforts to strike water on the hills have been in vain.

The population of the Key Islands was, in 1870, estimated at twenty-one thousand—fifteen thousand on Great Key, and six thousand distributed over Little Key and the smaller islands. Since then, however, there has been an epidemic of small-pox, and in 1881, the population was estimated at only about nineteen thousand four hundred.

About one-third of the population are, according to Captain Langen, Mahomedans, and the number of these is increasing every year by the influence of the Hadjis—the pilgrims who have been to Mecca. The Arab immigrants and Hadjis recently succeeded in "converting" some of the principal native chiefs. The Mahomedans are for the most part descendants of fugitives from Banda, Ceram, and Amboina.

Of this mixed race, who wear cotton clothing, Dr. Wallace observes they were probably at first a brown race, allied with the Malays. Their mixed descendants exhibit great variations of colour, hair, and features, graduating between the Malay and Papuan types.

The original inhabitants of the Key Islands, however—who are pagans, and who wear only a waist-cloth of cotton or bark—are undoubtedly Papuan. In vivacity and activity, they are the very antithesis of the passive Malay; and their sooty blackness, their mops of frizzly hair, and their marked forms of countenance, clearly show their origin to be the same as the natives of New Guinea. The Malay type of face is Mongolian in character—broad, and flat, with wide mouth, and small nose. The Papuan face is projecting and obtuse—mouth, large; nose, very large; brows, protuberant and overhanging. Thus it may be said that in the Key Islands is found the connecting-link between the two great races of the Under-World—the Malayan and the Papuan.

The language of the Key natives consists of about equal proportions of words of one, two, and three syllables. It has many aspirated, and a few guttural sounds, but has no affinity whatever with the Malay languages. The villagers have slight differences in dialect, but they are mutually intelligible.

Traces, nevertheless, of the early Portuguese traders are observable in many words which have been assimilated; and Captain Langen says that many English names also exist among the natives. Old brass man-of-war guns, of various sizes, are sometimes used as money among the different districts, in the same way as the natives of the Carolines use a certain kind of round-shaped stones instead of coin. These guns are more than a hundred years old, and, from the inscriptions and engravings upon them, must have belonged to Spanish and Portuguese vessels. The French seem also to have been there at one time; but there is no trace of any German navigators. Yet, curiously enough, the only attempt at a trading colony in Key has been recently made by Germans.

Some two hundred years ago the Netherlands India Company obtained a cession of the islands from the native chiefs, and the company, by a resident official, still professes to exercise a sort of sovereignty over the group. The tribal laws of the natives, however, are upheld. The islands are divided into districts, each comprising a certain number of villages with their surrounding land, and each of these districts has a principal chief, or Rajah, who is formally recognised and approved by the Dutch resident at Amboina. There are nine Rajahs on Great Key, and the same number distributed among the other islands of the group.

Each Rajah has an under-chief for each village under his jurisdiction. Of lesser rank is the "Major," who acts as magistrate; the "Captain," who is supposed to lead in case of war; the "Orang-Tua," or golden adviser of the village; and the "Maringo," who acts as policeman. These offices are all hereditary, and pass to the eldest son.

A chief receives no payment; but on assuming office receives a silver-headed walking-stick, bearing the Dutch coat of arms, from the Dutch Resident. At the end of twenty-five years, if he has managed his territory well, the silver mounting is exchanged for gold; and the chief who has been particularly exemplary is sometimes presented with an enormous umbrella, which is borne before him by a servant as he takes his walks abroad.

A certain amount of uncultivated land belongs to each village, upon which the villagers may fell timber, cut down the sago-palm for food, or make a garden. The boundaries are fixed by the chiefs, who

retain the guardianship of the cocoa-nut trees, which are general property. Not a single nut can be taken without orders from the chief, until harvest time, when the whole village turns out to gather them, each person receiving a certain number of nuts according to his rank and station.

The Key natives are tall and powerfully-built, but far from cleanly in their habits. As a consequence of their uncleanness, and the deficiency of salt taken into their systems—salt being almost unknown in the islands—they are much afflicted with contagious skin-diseases. For the same reason smallpox, which is always more or less prevalent in the Moluccas, finds them ready victims.

The artistic and constructive talent of the race is exhibited in childhood; and the children amuse themselves by drawing on a smooth surface of fine sand, houses, animals, boats and fishes. Captain Langen says he has been always struck with the wonderful symmetry of their work, although they have neither training nor drawing materials. On the face of a perpendicular cliff on one of the islands are some native drawings of various shapes, which seem to have been once filled in with red pigment. But nobody knows the origin and meaning of these curious figures, nor can the natives give any account of them. They say that the spirits of the dead suspend themselves over the cliffs at midnight to engrave them. The natives shun the spot, and can be induced by no bribes to climb the cliff in order to copy the drawings.

Other places are also shunned by them, as supposed to be haunted by bad spirits. Certain trees, on the other hand, are held to be sacred as the abode of an invisible good spirit, to whom sacrifices are offered whenever a family mishap occurs, or some member goes off for a long sea-voyage. The sacrifice consists of some cooked sago, or rice, wrapped up in a palm-leaf, over which is scraped a little gold-dust from a ring or bracelet. In some places these sacred trees are decorated from top to bottom with those curious palm-leaf parcels, the votive offerings of the people.

Marriage takes place about the fifteenth year, and the bridegroom has to pay a dowry to the parents of the bride. The whole village, as well as relations from a distance, are invited to the wedding-feast, to which the guests all bring contributions in the form of sago, rice, sweet potato, etc. After the feast, dancing continues through-

out the night. A husband who tires of his wife can divorce her, and obtain from her parents a return of one-third of the dowry he paid.

The houses are huts, built on poles of strong and hard timber, or bamboo—Papuan fashion. Being elevated above ground, they escape the swarms of vermin and also secure a free current of air through the flooring of split bamboo. The houses are thus kept cool during the north-east monsoon. The interior is divided into various rooms, the furniture of which is ornamented and coloured. A strong wood chest is always provided for the family treasures. The floors are covered with grass-matting, and, in the reception-room ornamented bolsters are also provided for visitors to recline upon.

A certain number of these huts form a "negary," or village, and each village is surrounded by a wall of hard blocks of coral. This wall is about six feet in height, and two-and-a-half in thickness, and is intended for fortification in time of war. With a few exceptions in Great Key, all the villages are on or near the sea-shore, doubtless because of the water difficulty already mentioned.

Besides timber and boats, the Key Islanders sell mother-of-pearl and other valuable shells, and a small quantity of coprah, or dried cocoa-nut. It will thus be seen that, although the group is not rich in variety of products—like so many of the islands in the same sea—it has yet some remarkable and interesting characteristics.

AMONG THE TUDORS.

WHO is for the Tudors by rail or omnibus, or in one's own state coach?—out of bustling Regent Street, where the newest of the new is freshly displayed, the latest fancy in apparel, the last new thing in toy or trinket, and so through the turnstile of the New Gallery, where a new Victorian shilling is the passport to another age.

Last year at this time we were in presence of the Stuarts and their times. And that forlorn family excited a sentimental interest which, perhaps, is wanting in the case of the Tudors. Among these there is no beautiful central figure, such as Mary Queen of Scots, with her foreign grace and refinement, to enlist the sympathies. The stiff ruff and stomacher of good Queen Bess are far removed from

artistic grace, and the broad, bloated face of bluff King Hal is as repellent as can be. But if our Royal hosts are not in themselves attractive, the age they represent is, above all others, splendid and brilliant. And here, from the walls of these galleries, look down upon us the faces, mostly limned from the life, of the fair women and brave men, gallant and sumptuous, in their habits as they lived, the great dames, the lovely maids, the proud nobles, the crafty statesmen, the stout soldiers, and brave adventurers, who played their parts in those stirring times; and, more sparingly, appear the great writers of the splendid literary group of the later Tudor period.

But some romantic interest attaches to the Tudors themselves—their humble origin, and the marvellous destiny that brought the descendants of the younger son of an obscure Welsh knight to wear the Royal crown, and lord it despotically over the proud nobility and stubborn commons of England as none had ever lorded it before. But who knows much of that handsome Owen, the waiting gentleman who literally tumbled into the affections of the pretty, silly, widowed Queen Katherine, the daughter of the illustrious house of Valois? Nor can much be said of the three sons of this unequal match, except that the eldest married the illustrious Margaret Beaufort, who, in the gloomy castle of Pembroke, gave birth to the coming founder of the dynasty.

Yet it was Margaret herself who was really the making of the Tudors, and she is worthily and justly installed as No. 1 in the catalogue of the Exhibition. But she is seen to better advantage in a really fine portrait lent by St. John's College, Cambridge—a meagre ascetic, but with the keenest intelligence shining forth from the wizened face. And we have her second husband, too, the first Earl of Derby—for she made the Stanleys as well as the Tudors—a bluff, blunt soldier, whom Margaret married no doubt for the purpose of advancing her son's interests. And this is the Stanley, whose defection on Bosworth field ruined the chance of Richard, and gave the victory to shallow Richmond.

Not so shallow, either, was Richmond, as we see him in his portraits, the best of which is from Trinity, Oxford; but keen and wary, with an ability which was of sharp, attorney-like character.

And here, too, is the buxom "Rose of York," whose marriage—little to her com-

fort, with Henry the Seventh—was said to have united the rival factions of the Roses. The very wedding, too, is depicted, according to Walpole, on a doubtful panel, which probably represents something else quite different.

Another picture, ascribed to Mabrusse, represents three chubby and charming children, reputed to be Arthur, Harry, and baby Margaret. Indeed, there are several representations of Henry, his Queen, and their children.

Of the great men of Henry the Seventh's period, there is naturally but a meagre list. There is a family, or furniture picture, of that bold "Jockey of Norfolk," the only one of the great feudatories who remained faithful to Richard, and who fell on Bosworth field. We have also Sir Henry Wyatt and his cat—the two always inseparable—with a pretty legend attached of how the cat fed his master when imprisoned in the Tower, by catching pigeons and dragging them through the bars of his dungeon.

Thus far, the portraits and painting of the period are distinguished rather by their rarity and historic value than by any great artistic merit. But in the gallery which contains the portraits of Henry the Eighth's time, we have a harvest of good pictures, which show the flourishing state of the arts under a Prince, who, objectionable as he may appear as tyrant and Bluebeard, was undoubtedly possessed of considerable taste and judgement, and was no niggard patron of artists. Chief of all comes Holbein—a long array of his works, many of rare merit, others of doubtful authenticity, and some few less than doubtful. But if there is no evidence of the beginning of a really national school of portrait painters, yet, doubtless there were Englishmen rising up who had studied in the school of the Flemish masters, and whose works are often attributed to more famous foreign painters.

Undoubtedly the great feature of the Tudor Exhibition is the splendid collection of Holbein drawings which are exhibited upon screens in the galleries. They are done in coloured chalk and Indian ink, and are mostly sketches and studies from the life, of the heads of persons great and mediocre about the Court of Henry the Eighth. They are full of life and spirit, and drawn with the grace and precision of a great master; and to those who only know the painter from the laboured and formal excellence of his works in oil, these

drawings will come as a revelation of the power and genius of the artist. The faces of his sitters live and move and all but speak, and we seem to be at once brought into the actual presence of the men and women of this long-vanished past. We see the hapless Queens of the Royal seraglio, the Royal children—Elizabeth unfortunately is not among them—the burly father of unhappy Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, and Cardinal Fisher, and many others of more or less distinction, but all instinct with life and character. These drawings are lent by the Queen from the Royal Library at Windsor, and probably have never been seen before by the public in their entirety as a collection, although a portion of them have appeared at Burlington House among the "Old Masters."

But by one hand or another we have portraits of most of the principal characters who shone or were extinguished in the reign of the butcher King. Wolsey appears more than once; but perhaps the most complete idea of him is to be obtained from a fine medallion in wax exhibited in the balcony, where his finely-moulded face and almost Moorish complexion is shown with life-like effect. Another fine face, and of a Royal cast, is Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the one whose disgrace and execution forms so fine an episode in Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth*. And we have the Duke of Norfolk, who, as Earl of Surrey, commanded at Flodden, and his son who, as Duke of Norfolk, flouts the disgraced Cardinal in *King Henry the Eighth*, and who afterwards barely escaped with his head on his shoulders, owing to the opportune death of the old tyrant Henry.

And we have the son, too, of this last, that Lord Surrey who sings such melodious love verses to his Geraldine, and whose death warrant was signed in the dying throes of the ruthless king, and who suffered the fate that his father escaped. And we have the fleshly, handsome, foolish face of that Charles Brandon, who, as cloth of freize, was matched with cloth of gold, and his Royal sweetheart, Mary, who, ere the funeral baked meats of her deceased husband, King Louis, had grown cold, leaped into the arms of her old lover. And we have Margaret, too, the Scottish Queen, a woman of the same amorous type, whose brawling loves and intrigues scandalised her less demonstrative subjects. And Anne Boleyn, too, is there, whose portraits faintly suggest the

roguish grace that captivated the King and all his Court. And here we may turn to the relics of poor Anne, the little ermine tippet which she wore upon the scaffold, encircling the slender, delicate neck, and with marks of blood upon it that touch one with a thrill of horror, as if the ghastly scene were dimly outlined here. Another relic of the scaffold is Anne's dainty toothpick case, accompanied by an interesting family tradition, to the effect that it was given by the Queen on the morning she suffered to Captain Gwyn, the officer on guard, telling him that it was the first token the King had given her, and bidding him observe "that a serpent formed part of the device, and a serpent the giver had proved to her."

We may make acquaintance, too, with another fair woman, Mary, the sister of Anne Boleyn, and even prettier than she, and as a set-off we have Holbein's truthful portrait of Anne of Cleves, which suggests indulgent judgement on King Harry for his ungallant reception of the lady. Nor can we wonder that the great Bashaw should string up the Grand Vizier for presenting him with such a wife. And here we have the Grand Vizier in question, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, with a commonplace but shrewd face, of quite a nineteenth century cast. To add to our mental gallery of female charms, we have that incomparable picture of Holbein's, the portrait of Christina of Milan, the face most exquisitely painted, and the expression full of charm and vitality. Small wonder that Bluebeard should desire to place the charming original among his collection, or that the fair enchantress should decline the honour, remarking "that she had but one head; if she had two, one should be at His Majesty's service."

Then we have that fine, but curious, picture called the *Dancing Picture*, where Henry the Eighth, Anne Boleyn, and others, are seen dancing in a meadow, like so many nymphs and satyrs. The other nymphs are said to be the King's sisters—Margaret and Mary—and fine, well-grown buxom damsels they are; but far too young and lissom for the figures they are assumed to represent. More authentic portraits of Henry's sisters are to be found on the walls of the gallery. And, coming to a younger generation, we have Mary, afterwards Queen, in whom we see reproduced the rigid, ascetic nature of Margaret Beaufort, the No. 1 of the Exhibition

and also of the family Tudor in general. And we find Edward and Mary with a saloon to themselves—the least interesting in the series—although we are glad to meet with the Protector, Somerset, who gave us the original Somerset House; his brother the Admiral; the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, and other victims of the axe and block in that troubled period. As for poor little Edward, whom we find half smothered in Royal robes, bestowing Bridewell upon the citizens of London for the benefit of their rogues and vagabonds, he is like the good boy in a story book, full of excellent intentions, but with no heart of life in him.

But in Elizabeth's gallery we come upon times of far greater brilliancy and interest, although the artistic quality of the portraits is far inferior to those of Henry's time. Holbein is gone, and no one takes up his mantle. The favourite Court painter is Zuccherro, an excellent painter of tissues, but without a spark of genius. Henry's cold, stock-fish eyes had an excellent critical quality about them; but Queen Elizabeth's keen and piercing little orbs seem to have been unendowed with the slightest artistic faculty. Yet must there have been good native artists in those days, for some of the portraits by unknown artists are of excellent quality. Coming to the portraits of Shakespeare, every one must be delighted with the richness of a collection that embraces almost all the known pieces with any claim to authenticity. We have here no less than five important portraits of Shakespeare; but the finest of them all, and the one that alone imposes conviction of its being studied from the life, is the remarkable panel which comes from Charlote, still occupied, as in Shakespeare's time, by the family of Lucy. The head resembles that of the famous bust in Stratford Church, but is shown with greater power and expression, and is drawn with a vigour and strength of brush that reveals the hand of a master; yet, like everything attached to Shakespeare's memory, the origin of the portrait is wrapped in mystery.

We have there good portraits, too, of Fletcher the dramatist, and a good, sturdy gentleman of his inches. Of minor lights, though greater in their day, there is Philip Sidney, chivalrous and refined, and Dorset, who set the example of combining the study of law with the pursuit of literature. We miss the greater name of Marlowe, and Edmund Spenser's, next to

Shakespeare's, the most illustrious of its age. But we have Lord Bacon just rising into fame, and his father, Sir Nicholas, fat and scant of breath.

And the relics of the time are numerous and good. Here we have Elizabeth's ring, the very ring, perhaps, that she gave to the Earl of Essex as a pledge of her grace should he at any time of need demand it, and which, so the story runs, my lord, when under sentence of death, actually sent to the Queen by the Countess of Nottingham, who, in the interest of the Cecils, withheld it. And we may remember how the Countess, confessing the matter on her death-bed, Elizabeth shook her roughly and swore "that God might forgive her, but she never would." As for other relics of Elizabeth, she seems to have left behind her a host of souvenirs as she journeyed about from one great house to another. Here it is a stocking, there a glove, or a hat, or, perhaps, it is a hair-brush or fine-tooth comb. And we have her viol, and perhaps her spinet; and with these relics innumerable of Drake, of Raleigh, of Frobisher, and other bold adventurers of the time, with trophies taken from the Armada, or cast up by the sea.

The miniatures, too, of the period are represented most worthily by many fine examples, and the coins and medals are often of great rarity, and the whole collection of them full of interest for those who have time to study them. And manuscripts are represented by a neat assortment from the Loseley MSS., and printed books by sundry rare copies, a good show of Bibles, Shakespeare's folios, and early edition of sonnets, the first complete edition of the *Arcadia*, and other rarities. In these departments, too, we are promised a further public exhibition of the treasures of the period by the authorities of the British Museum.

But in armour and weapons connoisseurs will find a selection of remarkable beauty and value. It is a period of decadence for armour in its warlike uses; those arquebuses, with their beautifully inlaid stocks; those pistols, with curious, ingenious wheel locks, and other devices—the "vile guns" of the period—have literally "knocked holes" in the ironclad warrior. But for jousts and tournaments, and the parade of war, the armourer's forges are still busy, and beautiful and elaborately ornamented suits of armour adorn the hall of the Tudors in russet and gold and blue and gold, and fluted cap-à-

pie, with great tilting helmets, and horse armour, with head pieces of every kind and shape.

Indeed, it would be difficult to supply with more success the atmosphere of the age of the Tudors. Here are treasures gathered from every part of England, from old historic mansions, from Royal palaces, from the halls of colleges and old city guilds, heirlooms which form the pride of ancient manors, relics which have been handed down from generation to generation. And a key to the whole is to be found in the excellent catalogue which presents in a brief form the biographies of the foremost people of the time.

NATURE AND CIVILISATION.

THE best of Nature is that she is so fearless. Candour also may be said to be constitutional with her. She is, moreover, completely inexorable. "If you do not like me as I appear to you," she says to her subjects, "so much the worse for you. I certainly do not propose to change for your benefit. The fault lies with you, not with me."

This brings us to what may perhaps be called Nature's worst characteristic. She is devoid of feeling — utterly. She has her prescribed methods of life, and that they are not ruinously interfered with is all that she cares much about. She tolerates the interference, or, if you please, the aid of Art up to a certain point. But once let Art assume too much, and she straightway comes down upon the pretentious youngster with that heavy hand of hers which has the weight of unnumbered millenniums in it, like the granite arms of the Pharaohs in the British Museum. In such a case, there is no standing up against her. The one-year-old babe might as hopefully presume to dispute with its mother.

Civilisation is Art writ large. There is the same tacit tolerance on the part of Nature of those acquired ways of the world which we call civilised practices, as in the kindred walks of Art. Let civilisation become monstrous, and Nature steps forth to put an end to the civilisation. The mounds which men name Babylon, the fields which a naked guide indicates to the doubting stranger as Nineveh, the still waters over the cities of the Dead Sea, the old walls and columns of old Rome—these are all dumbly eloquent of Nature's power, and her determination to use it.

And individuals are in the same case as these extinct cities of effete civilisations. Be the era or the country ever so mild and conformable to Nature's simple injunctions, that man or woman who, in the midst of this universal obedience, dares to rise up and defy Nature à outrance, pays the penalty as emphatically as Babylon.

It is amusing as well as highly educative to contrast the deportment of Nature with that of Art. Nature is never self-conscious. "I am what I am," she seems to say. Art, on the other hand, when not impudent or conceited, is prone to cringe. In the last case she murmurs appealingly through her achievements to beholders: "I hope I may be taken for what I strive to be."

In the bad old days, when might was always right, there was much of Nature's strength about the tyrants who ruled mankind with the clenched fist of despotism. It was then obedience or death. Now it is different. Civilisation has become complex. In governing bodies, whether they are Kings or States, Art and Nature coquet with each other. Anciently, it was one thing or the other. In these days, it is something of both. The State asserts Nature's principle: I am the strongest, therefore I prevail; and, therefore, also, I will be supreme and obeyed without question. But she cannot so easily enforce her claims. And so it comes to pass that Socialists, Nihilists, Fenians, and other conspirators against the State, are in no peril of their lives, and plot against the would-be autocrat without let or hindrance. It is all very fine for statesmen to enunciate hard and fast principles of government. Unfortunately, they set the cart before the horse. Given the ruler, the principles of his rule will not fail to ensue. Art is, in some sense, a small, humble shadow which inevitably creeps after the strong, great form of Nature.

Nature is first; Art emanates from her as mountains from the round surface of the globe, or, better, as a child is born of its mother. In the beginning of its existence the child is fractious, and hardly less helpless than a kitten ere its eyes are opened. It has then no notion of emulating its parent. Occasionally it kicks and storms at her in weak, unseemly rage; declares that it hates her; and, with ridiculous petulance, tries to break the leading-strings wherewith it is bound to her. But, in the cooler moments of reaction, it is very penitent. And, by-and-by, when the revulsion is as extreme as its

earlier passion, it cries aloud that its mother is all the world; that there is none to compare with her, so good is she, so great, and so satisfying. It then strives its hardest to tread in its mother's footsteps, and gives up all the wicked thoughts of independence and rebellion which formerly possessed it.

This is, in fact, the best course it can follow, upon one condition. The condition is that, in the meantime, it has never been seduced out of Nature's own ways. Once, however, let this have occurred, and there is no possibility of an entire, instantaneous conformity with its maternal ideal. It will be a matter of time and immense patience.

We see this well exemplified in many branches of our economy of civilisation. Art in painting and sculpture are, of course, the most obvious illustrations of it. Literature gives us another fine illustration. It is marvellous to consider what Herculean efforts the novelist of the nineteenth century must make ere he can hope to give a natural representation of life. He has been so ruthlessly trained in the school of civilisation, and he is the heir to so many traditions that conflict with Nature, that to be natural is like tearing his skin from his flesh.

Glance further at some other of the professions of civilised life: those of law, medicine, and architecture, for example.

It may be said that of all things law depends least upon Nature. But is it not a fact that all the codes and precedents in all the myriad volumes of the world's systems of jurisprudence tend, in short, towards one single purpose—the determination of right? Of course, there is justice in law and justice in equity. Nature's operations are much on a par with the world's justice. She gives each living individual its due; but to the strong she gives, like many of the world's courts of law, much more than their due.

Look next at medicine. How Nature must laugh at the various endeavours of pharmacopœia to defeat her conclusions, to checkmate her! All the dried frogs' legs, adders' tongues, mummy dust, and pills in creation are fragments of Nature; so that, in effect, her children are dosed homœopathically, whether they will or no. And much good do such drugs do in the long run. They may quicken the pulse, or lower it, for a moment or two; but the after-time comes, and shrugs its shoulders. Not that doctors are to be condemned as

so many charlatans seeking only their own profit. Very far indeed from this! Among their rank are included the noblest of men. But they are fast learning over again that Nature herself is omnipotent—the chief physician; and that the best they can do is to follow humbly in her train.

But now of architecture. What is the essential aim of all architecture, save to provide roofs for the heads of mankind? Surely a very necessary thing to do, it may be said. Why, yes; and, consequently, Nature did not omit to provide it: though she was not ever ready to confess that it was an indispensable need. Caves in the rocks, and forests with their impenetrable shade, preceded domed and pillared habitations, and the long, monotonous red streets of our modern cities. But the wood-cutter has worked hard in parallel movement with the advance of civilisation, and our own aspirations have carried us beyond the stage of troglodytes.

Nevertheless, we have taken our hints from Nature, and followed her own devices as nearly as our intelligence and skill will allow. We have modelled our famous pillars of stone upon the trunks of her palms, and built our houses after the pattern of her caves. Whatever the Gothic style of architecture may be held to be symbolical of, as an ideal, it is but a fantastical reproduction in stone of the oaks and elms in Nature's woods. And it is a mark of our culture, of our far divergence from Nature herself, in our thoughts and lives, that we prefer to stand and gaze at unwieldy piles of wood and granite, or marble, the work of mankind, rather than pace, in solemn admiration, the cool aisles and fretted vaults of the forests, with their mosaic of golden twilight on the green-sward pavement, and the chant of their bird-choristers echoing through the sunlight and arches towards the high blue dome over all.

Nature is absolutely truthful, and without shame. Civilisation has begotten divers bad things, but few more curious than the trick of duplicity, consecrated by habitual usage. Such books as "The Art of Conversation," James "On Polite Speech," and "Prudential Curbs for the Tongue," by Wise Simon, would astound Nature, if she took much interest in the minor details of life.

"What!" she might say, "you have a tongue, and you do not know how to use it? How foolish! Is it necessary for

you to be taught the use of the other organs with which you are endowed? Why do you not write books on the method of bringing the teeth together upon a beefsteak, the way to smell a rose, or how to see things? I must have been more stupid than I flatter myself I generally am, if seeing, smelling, eating, and talking do not come to you all, as easily as rain falls from a cloud."

"Ah, dear dame," we might reply to her, "you are very justly ironical. Of course, no one wants to be taught how to eat, or how to look at an agreeable object. That is all as simple now as it was, no doubt, at first. But speech is another matter. It is really open to question whether you had any idea of the responsible nature of this gift when you gave it to us. You must know, for instance, that in these days, if you tell the truth, you may be taken before a high personage called a judge, charged with libel, and fined a thousand pounds. Or you may, without in the least intending it, insult your dearest friend, so that his love for you is changed instantly to hatred. Worse still, dear dame, hardly one man and wife could live amicably together for a week, much less a year, if they were mutually to be so horribly candid with each other."

"You see, therefore, that it is to your own interest that we should be cautious and have these manuals for discreet talking which you ridicule so strongly. Inasmuch, too, as we are your own children, it seems a little injudicious of you to blame us for doing what the constitution we derive immediately from you, crossed obliquely by the influence of our own civilisation, has urged us to do, alike for our benefit, and, therein, for yours."

"Well, well," one can imagine Nature saying, in interruption of this category of charges against her for the inadequateness of her works, "let the subject drop. So long as your methods of civilisation do not depopulate the world, you are welcome to them. I must have life in one form or another. It has often irritated me to see how you men are killing the lions, and tigers, and elephants off my globe, so that, in time, I shall not have a single specimen left, except stuffed ones in your museums, which, of course, do not count. But, on the other hand, I reflect that either you or they must increase; and, as I confess I have a preference for human beings, who have shown a marvellous capacity for development—to use one of your own

expressive words—I wink at all this bloodshed. And, besides, I know well enough that, if you please, you could, in opposition, charge me with destroying, in like manner, those various species of large quadrupeds to which you give appalling names, when you dig up their bones. I do not propose to fatigue you with an explanation of my motives in this particular, because, for one reason, I should thereby cut off one of those channels of investigation which you explore with such vivacity and interest. But you may be sure I have acted with great wisdom here, as elsewhere. In short, as I have said, you and your civilisation have 'carte blanche' from me, up to a certain point. So you increase and multiply, in a proper way, and do not completely transform the surface of your world, you may indulge all the bizarre fancies of slaughter, discovery, and locomotion which you evolve from those very singular abstractions which you call your wits."

Our various social systems and unwritten codes of social conduct are, needless to say, nothing in the eyes of Nature. She is generally tolerant of them; but she makes no further concession in their favour. Yet she does not at all times respect them. Now and then she interferes disagreeably with the constitution of civilisation. A rough retailer of gin slings, cocktails, and whisky and water discovers a silver mine. His discovery makes him so rich that he is the envy of men and women, who, while yet he sold cocktails, would merely have curled the lip at him. They now bend the knee to him; implore him to marry one of their daughters; intrigue for admissions to his balls and dinner parties; and in all possible ways show their veneration for the god of mammon. They do not like to do it; but they feel that it is required of them. Again, it chances that a Crown Prince turns the cold shoulder to the canons of etiquette, and marries a governess or an opera singer. The Crown Prince's father, the King, groans; and the Queen sheds tears of grief and anger. But this is all futile. Or a duke, rich as a king, and as closely bound by ties of convention, gives his hand to a farmer's daughter who knows nothing of heraldry, and whose only recommendations are blazoned in her bright, sweet face.

It is all alike lamentable, but very natural.

"My dear children," one can suppose

Nature saying, with a smile, in response to the expostulations of the world, "what would your novelists do for plots and romances if I did not thus now and again put the tip of my little finger through the crust of your social pie? It is all nonsense for them to talk of their imaginations. Without me, they would imagine nothing. You could not get salt from the ocean unless salt impregnated the waters of the ocean. But do not be frightened. I am not going to purloin a single one of your institutions; and before you have done sighing, the pie will be whole again."

Once or twice in a century, however, something very serious happens. Nature plays the part of the giant awakened from sleep, and full to the throat of energy that must find a vent, though he knows not in what direction. It was Nature who guided the arm of Napoleon while he mowed people from the face of the earth by tens of thousands. A battle here, a battle there; it was but a stroke of the blade of the sickle of Nature. At another time, it is a dire pestilence, or a famine, or an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption, or a tidal wave.

Civilisation goes into brief convulsions of distress when such events happen. "My own existence is menaced!" she sobs forth in alarm, when she sees her children swept away. "I must do something in aid of myself." And so she concocts small but generous schemes to counteract the particular calamity which afflicts the world, and threatens to overwhelm her. The societies for the succour of the wounded in battle, the collections for the distribution of rice among the starving millions of China or Hindostan, and for the rebuilding of cities which Nature, by a mere yawn, has erased from the earth's surface; these and the like are the efforts of Civilisation to keep the balance of power between herself and Nature. But, as we have said, it is like the wrestle of a child with its mother. Either the mother smiles unmoved, or puts the iniquitous infant in a corner, or locks it in a room by itself, where it soon realises its own insufficiency, and becomes reconciled to the irresistible decrees of its parent.

One more of Nature's strong characteristics may be mentioned—her simplicity. It is evident in all her ways, but in none more than in the plain injunction which alone suffices for life: Eat and move, and you shall live.

"Ah, I dare say," remarks Civilisation, in pert comment upon this. "The fruits of the field, and that sort of thing, no doubt! But such fare does not satisfy my needs. I really do not know for certain whether you meant the lambs, cows, partridges, trout, and other living delicacies, exclusively for human consumption. But we have acquired the taste for them, and we could not possibly resign them now. It is odd, however, that some men, over whom I have as yet had no control, and who are so brutal as to be almost in a state of nature—no offence to you, dame—eat each other. This somewhat militates against the accepted belief that you designed us to live wholly upon apples and pears, grapes, bananas, blackberries, and other such things, which nowadays form but a single branch of edible productions under the cold name of 'dessert.' But these men, or rather 'brutes,' may be only the exceptions, which, you know, prove a rule; and so they may be disregarded. Besides, they have never tasted truffles or pâté de foie gras. If they had, I warrant they would abruptly forsake the paths of nature—again pardon the implication—for those of civilisation.

"As for the other matter—that of movement, by which I suppose you mean exercise—surely we have enough of that. Why, we have multiplied the one original mode of locomotion by I do not know how many times. You, dear, dull, old mother, endowed us with legs—nothing more—for our purpose. What, then, do you say, when you see us flashing across country in trains; sailing in ships from one continent of the globe to another; floating among the clouds in balloons; riding bicycles and tricycles; not to capitulate the long list of uncivilised quadrupeds that we bestride, with more or less comfort and a due sense of our dignity and their degradation? I assure you that there never was a time in all my history when legs were less indispensable than now. I have so contrived it that cripples, in these days, can go through life with much enjoyment; and I know several esteemed men who are without natural legs, though no one but their friends and their valets would suspect it. Is not that a triumph?"

But here also, as in every other instance, Civilisation does but succeed through Nature herself.

"Your triumph, my dear child, is upon my own material. I, therefore, take your

exultation as a personal compliment. Without me you could not be; though I, of course, am completely independent of you and your aid. And, as a last word, let me whisper to you, or, rather, remind you how you may make men even more successful creatures than they are. Never forget that they are of Nature as well as of Civilisation. The doctrine of atavism ought, indeed, to inform you that, 'au fond,' they are more likely to show their resemblance to me than to you, even though you may be their parent, as I am yours. Acknowledge, therefore, as openly as you can, that they are natural first of all, and, but secondarily, civilised beings. It is the only way to secure yourself from my interference, as you call it, a little rudely, perhaps; and the only way, also, to ensure for yourself the respect of men themselves."

THE INNUIT.

FAR beyond the pale of civilisation, in the dreary, frost-bound regions where ice and snow reign supreme, dwells a race condemned to a life of toil and hardship which can scarcely be conceived by the inhabitants of more favoured lands. To reach them, the traveller must leave behind him every object of ordinary life, every familiar habit and custom which use has rendered a second nature. He must bid farewell to branching trees, to green fields, to crops of every kind, to domestic animals, to every implement of common use, and to food and clothing of such a kind as even the poorest people of a less terrible climate possess.

It is impossible to conceive how human beings can ever have forced their way into these northern fastnesses, or how, having reached them, they ever persuaded themselves to stay. Yet, strange to say, the love of the Esquimaux—or, as he calls himself, the Innuít, a word meaning the people—for his ice-bound home, and his pride in its features, are inexhaustible. Some of them have been brought to Denmark, England, and America; but they have always begged to be taken home again, and, after getting back among their own people, have ridiculed the whites in every possible manner. They have a legend to the effect that the Creator made white men first; but was dissatisfied with them, and, consequently, made the Innuít, with whom he was quite

pleased. Kane relates that when he encountered some of these people, they were astounded to find that they were not the only race upon the earth, and disbelieved his accounts of lands which exhibited features different to those of their own.

The Innuít have no king, no government, no property, no law, and no religion. Their one idea is to do as their forefathers did, and so long as they follow the customs which have been handed down to them, they think that they do enough. Their food consists of nothing but flesh; bread they are absolutely without. They have no medicine nor treatment in time of sickness, and their household furniture consists of nothing but a stone lamp and a snow couch covered with the moss upon which the reindeer feeds, a few skins sometimes serving to further remove its discomfort. Unlike the Laplanders and the Kamschatdales, the Innuít have never tamed the reindeer, but look upon it as merely food. The white bear, the seal, and the walrus are the other animals on which they exist, and in capturing these and conveying their flesh to the hungry mouths at home, they are assisted by the Esquimaux dogs.

In the short summer they live in the "tupic," a rude tent made by suspending a huge sheet of skins across a horizontal pole; but their stationary dwelling-places are huts half-underground, and built of earth, bones, and turf. Entrance is gained by a long, low tunnel, which has to be traversed on all fours, and there is a rude window, fitted with whale's intestines, through which a feeble glimmer of light makes its way. When moving about in winter they build "iglos," or snow-huts, formed of blocks of snow, fitted most ingeniously together, and cleverly arched. The lamp, which is both fire and light, is cut out of soft steatite, or soap-stone, and hangs from the roof. Its oil is made from whale's blubber, on which floats the dried moss that forms the wick.

In powers of enduring hunger and capacity for food when it is obtainable, the Innuít are equalled by no other people. Most of their food is eaten raw, frequently in a frozen condition, and eight or ten pounds is looked upon as an ordinary quantity for a single person's meal. In times of plenty a man may be seen lying on his back utterly incapable of feeding himself any longer, but being further gorged with dainty bits of fat and blubber by his wife or children.

The seasons of plenty are, however, the exception rather than the rule with the Innuït. In the long winter darkness, days and nights are passed by the men, crouched motionless by the hole at which a seal may be expected to "blow." The dreariness of those long watches must be beyond anything that we can picture. The bitter cold, the whirling snow, and the fog, which often settles down for days at a time, must harmonise too well with the biting hunger of the patient watcher, and his dismal thoughts of semi-starvation which is the lot of those he has left in the "iglos." The chance of ending this state of things depends solely upon the quickness and skill of a single blow, for if it is badly dealt, the expected prey is off at once, and the cold, dismal hours or, may be, days of watching count for nothing. Even should the harpoon be well aimed, and find a home in the body of the animal, things may not turn out satisfactorily; for a line attaches the weapon to the waist of the hunter, and unless he instantly plants his feet in the notches provided for that purpose, and throws himself into such a position that the strain exerted by his wounded quarry is thrown in the direction of his spine and the axis of his lower limbs, he may be pulled under the ice, to a death from which there is no escape, or fall across the hole in such a manner that the struggles of the seal break his back.

In summer large numbers of reindeer fall before the bows of the Innuït, who watch for them at mountain passes, choosing, if possible, one which lies between two pieces of water, in which they may be able to drive the startled animals, and there kill them without trouble. In these raids, enough meat is often obtained to satisfy even the exorbitant appetites of these people for many months, and were they to avail themselves of the natural ice-houses—which are to be found in every direction—the winter might be shorn of half its horrors. But such a course does not ever seem to suggest itself to the improvident Innuït. While food is plentiful he eats to repletion, giving no thought to the months of hardship and scarcity which are so near, and learning no lesson of thrift from the awful straits in which he too often finds himself, when the sun has set, to reappear no more for months.

The Innuït are not so small a people as they are usually thought to be. Their average height is certainly below that of the people of more genial climes, as is only

natural, for the hardships of their life must have a tendency to dwarf them; but many of them reach a height of five feet six and upwards. The clumsy garments which they find necessary to protect them from the rigorous climate of the northern lands in which they dwell, have a marked tendency to give them the appearance of a very small race. Their faces are fat and egg-shaped, with small, twinkling eyes. The natural colour of their complexions is, comparatively, fair; but this can very seldom be ascertained from personal observation, as their skins are invariably very discoloured with dirt and smoke. The antipathy which they have to washing is probably due to the coldness of the climate, and it reaches to such a pitch that if a mother wishes to cleanse her infant she effects her purpose by an application of the tongue.

Though apparently very muscular, they are not by any means strong, and the feats of ordinary Europeans strike them as miracles of power. The dress of both sexes is alike, except that the women wear a large hood, in which they carry their babies, and have tails, like those of a dress-coat, to their jackets. A short jacket of sealskin, with loose trousers of seal, bear, or reindeer, and skin boots which go under them, complete their attire in summer. An under-jacket, worn with the fur inside, and a pair of large, fingerless skin gloves are added, to keep out the cold of winter.

The hard life of the Innuït is ended by a death, of which it is impossible to think without a shudder; for the dying are walled up in their homes and left to face the approach of the destroyer in solitude.

In Greenland there are ten thousand Esquimaux, or more, under the care of the Danish Government, who lead fairly civilised lives; it is not of them that we have been speaking, but of the fast diminishing members of the race whose homes lie nearer the North Pole than the steps of their more cultured brethren often lead them.

THE STORY OF DORIS CAIRNES.

A SERIAL STORY.

By the Author of "Count Paolo's Ring," "All Hallow's Eve," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"WE will never forget each other, Doris—you and I! We will always belong to each other! We will think of each

other always, and we will write every week and tell each other all the news, eh, dear? Come, promise!"

It was Laurence's last evening. On the morrow he was to leave Chesham, and begin the new life to which he looked forward so confidently, which was to bring him fame and riches and happiness. On the morrow he was to leave; and now, for the last time, the boy and girl were seated hand in hand in their favourite spot under the apple-tree talking of the future.

Laurence's handsome face looked even handsomer than usual that evening, for it was flushed with excitement and happiness. It formed a strong contrast to Doris's pale face. Now that the moment of parting was drawing so near, she began to realise what a blank Laurence's departure would leave in her life. Vague forebodings, too, of the future haunted her. She was sending Laurence away from her; sending him into that busy, bustling world of which she knew so little, but the wickedness and selfishness of which the Vicar sometimes denounced in his sermons; sending Laurie, who was as ignorant and innocent as herself, to face its dangers alone; to fight alone in the fierce warfare in which so many were worsted, so few triumphant! Had she done well? The remembrance of Paul Beaumont's words haunted her.

"Whether success or failure is his lot; whether he comes out of the struggle a better and nobler man, or maimed and bruised and conquered, the struggle will have left its mark upon him; and it is not your Laurence, the boy you love now, who will come back to you! Remembering this, will you still send him?" Paul had said in his grave voice; and she had answered confidently enough that she would send him, that she was not afraid!

She did not feel quite so confident this evening; the shadow of the coming parting lay heavily on her heart, she felt nervous and dispirited, though, for Laurence's sake, and because she would not damp his happiness, she struggled resolutely to hide her grief, and to speak brightly and hopefully.

The parting had come rather earlier than either she or Laurence had anticipated; but Paul Beaumont had been summoned to London on business, and had proposed that Laurence should accompany him. He would then be able to personally introduce the boy to the artist in whose studio he was to work, and in whose family he was to reside.

Laurence eagerly accepted the proposal. He was glad to get away from home, and from the cold, disapproving looks of his uncle and aunt. They had not raised any strong objection when Laurence informed them of Paul Beaumont's offer, and of his great wish to accept it. But though they were silent, they were none the less disapproving; and Laurence was sincerely glad to escape from the cold looks and gloomy silence which chilled his happiness, and made him feel half remorseful and half angry.

But if he was glad to leave the Vicarage, he was unfeignedly sorry to say good-bye to pretty Doris — Doris, who had been friend and sister to him, who believed so implicitly in his genius; but, he told himself that the parting would be but a temporary one. By-and-by, when he was earning both fame and money, he would come back for her, and—for he could never love any one half so well as Doris—they would be married and live happy ever afterwards. A boy's dream, as vague and unreal as most dreams, but not the less sweet on that account.

"Promise to write to me every week," he repeated, and he lifted a long lock of her hair, which had fallen over her shoulders and was shining like red gold in the sunlight, and kissed it.

Doris smiled.

"Of course I will. But you must not mind if the letters are dull and stupid, Laurie. You know nothing ever happens here; one day is exactly like another, and I never go anywhere or see any one, so I shall not have much news to tell you."

"You must tell me everything about yourself, just as you do now, Doris. You must tell me when Aunt Joan is more disagreeable or amiable than usual, and what music you are practising for the choir, and how the garden is getting on, and whether the poultry thrive or not. Every little detail will be interesting to me; and oh, above all, you must tell me what guests they have at the Hall—there are generally a good many in September, you know—and all about my lady's resplendent toilettes," Laurie laughed.

Doris smiled also.

"I will tell you all that, Laurence. Do you know if Mr. Beaumont is to remain for the partridge shooting?"

"I fancy so. He returns from town on Friday."

"I am glad you are to go up with him.

It was a kind thought," Doris said, musingly. "But he is always kind."

"Kind! I should just think so. He is a splendid fellow: the most generous and noblest of men," Laurence said, quickly. "I can never be grateful enough to him; but I will show him that his kindness has not been thrown away. I will work so hard that some day he will be proud of me!" the boy cried, and his eyes brightened and his cheeks glowed as he spoke.

Both fire and glow were reflected back into Doris's face and eyes as she answered:

"I know you will, Laurie! And he is, as you say, the noblest and most generous of men. I don't believe a word of what they say in the village; do you, Laurie? About him and Lady Cecil, you know."

Doris dropped her voice to a whisper, and looked up timidly at Laurence. He laughed and hesitated.

"That he was once her lover, you mean, and is secretly her lover still? I don't know, Doris. They say, you know, that in the great world all the married women have lovers. Thomas, the butler at the Hall, told me that Lady Cecil never asks husbands and wives together. It is so dull for every one, she says."

"But how dreadful!"

Doris looked half ashamed, half disgusted.

"I have often thought that Lady Cecil does not care much for Sir John," she went on; "and, indeed, they are an ill-assorted pair!"

"Of course every one knows that she only married him for his money," Laurence answered, carelessly. "She was in love with Mr. Beaumont; but he was poor then, so she threw him over and married Sir John. But they say at the Hall—servants have terribly sharp eyes, you know, Doris—that she is in love with him still; that she hates to see him speak to another woman; and that, if he were but to hold up his little finger and say 'Come,' she would give up everything for him."

"Even her husband and child?" Doris said, looking up with shocked, solemn eyes. "Oh, she could not be so wicked; and I am quite sure that Mr. Beaumont is far too honourable to think of her in that way. He is Sir John's friend, and he loves little Floss. Oh, it cannot be true, Laurie!"

"I don't believe it; but one hears things now and then, you know. They say, for one thing, that my lady does not like him coming here; that she is jealous of you, Doris."

Laurence laughed, but Doris did not echo the laugh. The flush deepened in her cheeks, and her grey eyes looked stormy and dark as she drew up her little proud head.

"Of me. That is absurd," she said with a cold smile.

"Of course it is. I know what brings him here well enough. He only comes to consult with you about me," Laurence went on calmly; "but a jealous woman can fashion a rival out of a mere shadow! And you must not get too fond of him, Doris." He laughed and put his arm round her, in his boyish, affectionate way. "You belong to me, you know! I can't have any one else—not even Mr. Beaumont—put before me in your thoughts."

"You need not be afraid of that, Laurie; you will always be first with me," Doris answered in her earnest voice.

"You are my second self, you know. I am quite as much interested in all you do as you are yourself. Your success will be my success, or your failure my failure. But we will not talk of failure, dear," she added, "that is impossible."

"Quite; as long as I have your wishes and prayers to help me," Laurie said in a low voice. "I believe the Vicar is right—that I am weak and unstable, and too easily elated and too easily depressed to do any great work in the world! He told me, only the other day, that I had no real grit in me; that you were by far the better man of the two! And I believe it, Doris. If it had not been for you I should have given up all hope of ever indulging my cherished hopes; flung palette and brush aside, and resigned myself to becoming a mere writing, calculating machine! But you were always hopeful, and you made me work and hope also! Did I tell you what Paul Beaumont said about you the other day, Doris?"

"No."

Doris shook her head.

"We were talking about you, and he spoke of you—oh, I cannot tell you all he said, it would make you vain. But he bade me always remember—and his voice was quite serious and grave, not laughing and scoffing, as it often is—that your love was my best safeguard, and my highest incentive to success; that since you believed in me, if I failed to justify that belief, or wasted my talent, and so brought trouble and disappointment to you, I had better never have been born. Oh, he thinks no end of you, Doris—a deal more than he does of me."

Doris smiled; her grey eyes grew soft and tender.

"You won't disappoint me, Laurence," she said, confidently. "I believe in you if he doesn't. You have only to work hard, and be hopeful, and you will be a great artist some day. And then when all the papers are praising you, and every one is flocking to see your pictures, think how proud I shall be—oh, prouder than any one else in the world, because I love you better than any one else, my dear!"

The girl cried, and her face grew so beautiful that Laurence stared at her in surprised delight.

"How pretty you look, Doris! I never thought you could look so lovely," he said, in an odd, quiet voice—"oh, ten times more lovely in that old blue frock than Lady Cecil ever looks in her grand dresses! The frock seems to suit you, my dear, though I dare say it would look shabby enough on any one else. And these blush roses"—he gathered one or two late roses as he spoke, and held them against her cheek—"are like you, too; they are so pure, and delicate, and frail, and yet there is a certain strength about them; they can stand rain and cold winds better than their more splendid sisters. And you are like them, Doris. Here, take this, dear, and pin it in your brooch."

Doris smiled, and took the rose and pinned it in the little brooch, which was the only ornament she possessed.

"I will keep it for your sake—in memory of to-night," she said, softly; and then a silence, which neither cared to break, fell on them.

In the old garden, the shadows of the approaching twilight were already gathering under the trees, though the windows of the Red House were still glittering in the red flame of the sunset. The time for the singing of birds was over, but the robins were twittering, and a thrush high up in the apple-tree every now and then gave a few low, sweet notes. The night moths were fluttering among the flowers; the bees buzzed drowsily as, their day's work over, they flew back to their hives. The tall hollyhocks bent their heads as the wind rustled softly by. No sound or sign told of the existence of an outer world; the boy and girl were as much alone as Adam and Eve in their Paradise.

The strange charm which the old garden always had for Paul Beaumont seemed,

almost for the first time, apparent to Laurence that evening. He looked round it with longing, half-smiling, half-saddened eyes. How many happy hours he had spent there, he thought. How peaceful and tranquil it looked, and how sweet Doris's face as she raised it to look at the sunset. What a fool he had been never to find out until now how pretty she was, the boy thought, and then thought with a quick pang of jealousy, that perhaps in his absence others might find it out also, and be less slow to tell her of it than he had been.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he caught her hand and kissed it passionately.

"Doris, remember, we belong to each other—you and I, always," he cried, with a new passionate inflection in his voice that startled Doris, who was still tranquilly watching the sunset.

Slowly she lowered her great eyes, and looked at him; and as she met his gaze, a lovely light flashed into them, a lovely colour played in her cheeks, and her heart fluttered with a new delight as the love, which so long unknown to her had slumbered there, awakened into life. For one long moment they looked at each other in silence, then, moved by a mutual impulse, they bent forward, and hand was clasped in hand, and lips met lips in a long kiss.

"Oh, always, Laurie," Doris said in her solemn voice. "We belong to each other, you and I, for ever and ever and ever!"

The light faded; the shadows grew darker; the scent of the stocks and mignonette stronger as the dew fell; the thrush had sung his last lullaby, and was fast asleep in the hedge, with his head tucked under his wing; the bees were asleep, too, in their hives; and night's calm and silence had fallen over the garden.

Laurence said his last good-bye reluctantly, and went back to the Vicarage; but still Doris sat under the apple-tree. She was alone; but she was not unhappy, for, at seventeen, hope is strong in the heart, and, though her life must for some time be necessarily lonely and dull, there was the prospect of happier times to cheer her.

"We belong to each other always," Laurence had said. Doris repeated the words to herself with a tender delight and triumph. "Oh, always. Nothing—no one—shall ever come between us," she vowed.